DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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MR. FRANK BUCKLAND.

Francis Trevelyan Buckland was the eldest son of the Very Reverend William Buckland, the founder of the modern school of geology, the author of one of the best known of the Bridgewater Treatises, and Dean of Westminster. He was educated by his uncle, Dr. Buckland, of Laleham, the friend and kinsman of Dr. Arnold, but a most severe and even brutal pedagogue. He was probably a trying pupil to an impatient schoolmaster; yet he contrived to acquire a large share of classical knowledge. He had whole passages of Virgil at his fingers' ends. He used to say, when he could not understand an act of Parliament, that he always turned it into Latin; and within a fortnight of his death he was discussing a passage of a Greek play with one of the accomplished medical men who attended him, interesting himself about the different pronunciation of ancient and modern Greek and the merits of Greek accentuation. Mathematics were not supposed to form a necessary part of a boy's education forty years ago. To the end of his life he always regarded it as a providential circumstance that nature had given him eight fingers and two thumbs, as the arrangement had enabled him to count as far as ten. When he was engaged on long inspections, which involved the expenditure of a good deal of money, he always carried it in a small paper parcel, each containing ten sovereigns; and though he was fond of quoting the figures which his secretary prepared for him in his reports, those who knew him best doubted whether they expressed any clear meaning to him. He liked, for instance, to state the number of eggs which various kinds of fish produced, but he never rounded off the calculations which his secretary made to enable him to do so. The unit at the end of the sum was, in his eyes, of equal importance to the figure, which represented millions, at the beginning of it.

It was probably no easy task to select a profession for a young man who had already distinguished himself by an eccentric love for animals, which had induced him to keep a bear at Oxford, and a vulture at the Deanery at Westminster. At his father's wish, Mr. Buckland decided on entering the medical profession. To qualify himself for his duties, he studied in Germany, at Paris, and at St. George's Hospital. He returned to London, and soon afterwards became house-surgeon at St. George's.

In 1854, while he was still engaged at St. George's, he was offered and accepted the post of assistant surgeon in the 2nd Life Guards. Perhaps no army surgeon ever enjoyed so much popularity among his brother officers. During the nine years through which he served his name had become famous. His contributions to the "Field" newspaper and his "Curiosities of Natural History" had made natural history popular in thousands of households; and the exertions which he had already commenced in the cause of fish culture had marked him as a man with an idea. Thus he left the army a known man, and during the next few years relied on his pen.

A new sphere was, in the meanwhile, preparing for Mr. Buckland's energies. In 1861 Parliament had sanctioned the appointment of two inspectors of fisheries for England and Wales. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Eden, retired in broken health in 1867, and Mr. Buckland was chosen as his successor. He had hardly been appointed when his colleague, Mr. Ffennell, died; and another gentleman had to be chosen

DR. BUCKLAND AND HIS PETS.

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for the second inspectorship. No public officer ever threw himself so heartily into his work as Mr. Buckland. His zeal frequently led him into imprudence which would have told severely on a less robust constitution, and which perhaps had the effect of shortening his own life. He has been known to wade up to his neck in water, and change his clothes driving away from the river on the box of a fly. This was an exceptional case; but it was a common thing for him to sit for hours in wet boots. He rarely wore a greatcoat; he never owned a railway rug; he took a delight in cold, and frequently compared himself to a Polar bear, which languished in the heat and revived in the frost. The pleasure which Mr. Buckland derived from cold accounted for many of his eccentricities. Even in winter he wore the smallest amount of clothing; in summer he discarded almost all clothing. The illustrated papers, which have published portraits of him at home, have given their readers a very inaccurate idea of his appearance at his home in Albany street. Those were very rare occasions on which he wore a coat at home. His usual dress was a pair of trousers and a flannel shirt; he deferred putting on socks and boots till he was starting for his office. Even on inspections he generally appeared at breakfast in the same attire, and on one occasion he left a large country house, in which he was staying, with no other garments on. While he was driving in a dog-cart to the station he put on his boots, and as the train was drawing up to the station, at which a deputation of country gentlemen was awaiting him, he said with a sigh that he must begin to dress. Boots were in fact his special aversion. He lost no opportunity of kicking them off his feet. On one occasion, travelling alone in a railway carriage, he fell asleep with his feet resting on the window sill. As usual he kicked off his boots, and they fell outside the carriage on the line. When he reached his destination the boots could not, of course, be found, and he had to go without them to his hotel. The next morning a plate-layer examining the permanent way, came upon the boots, and reported to the traffic-manager that he had found a pair of gentleman's boots, but that he could not find the gentleman. Some one connected with the railway recollected that Mr. Buckland had been seen in the neighborhood, and knowing his eccentricities, inferred that the boots must belong to him. They were accordingly sent to the Home Office and were at once claimed.

We have said that he rarely wore a greatcoat, and when he did so it was apparently more for the value of the additional pockets it contained than for its warmth. One of his good stories turned on this. He had been in France, and was returning *via* Southampton, with an overcoat stuffed with natural history specimens of all sorts, dead and alive. Among them was a monkey, which was domiciled in a large inside breast-pocket. As Buckland was taking his ticket Jocko thrust up his head and attracted the attention of the booking-clerk, who immediately (and very properly) said, "You must take a ticket for that dog, if it's going with you." "Dog?" said Buckland, "it's no dog; it's a monkey." "It is a dog," replied the clerk. "It's a monkey," retorted Buckland, and proceeded to show the whole animal, but without convincing the clerk, who insisted on five shillings for the dog-ticket to London. Nettled at this, Buckland plunged his hand into another pocket and produced a tortoise, and laying it on the sill of the ticket-window, said, "Perhaps you'll call that a dog too." The clerk inspected the tortoise. "No," said he, "we make no charge for them; they're insects."

The love of fun and laughter, which was perceptible while he was transacting the dullest business, distinguished him equally as a writer. It was his object, so he himself thought, to make natural history practical; but it was his real mission to make natural history and fish-culture popular. He popularized everything that he touched, he hated the scientific terms which other naturalists employed, and invariably used the simplest language for describing his meaning. His articles were copied and re-copied into various newspapers, and obtained in this way hundreds of thousands of readers. A mass of knowledge has died with him which might otherwise have been preserved. It is no exaggeration to say that he had collected during his busy life a vast store of information. He had trained himself to observe, and his eye rarely missed anything. He thought that he had facts at his disposal which would have enabled him to answer the great doctrines which Mr. Darwin has unfolded. Evolution was eminently distasteful to him; only two days before his death, in revising the preface of his latest work, he deliberately expressed his disbelief in it, and he used to dispose of any controversy on the subject by saying, "My father was Dean of Westminster. I was brought up in the principles of church and state; and I will never admit it—I will never admit it."—*Condensed from Macmillan's Magazine.*

NEVER GET INTO DEBT.

Not many years ago a young man came in town to finish his studies at the office of one of our best lawyers. He was well educated, intelligent, agreeable and kind; but he was poor, and in order to support himself tried to get a class in French. A few scholars came, and the thing did not pay. After a while he paid his landlady, left his boarding-house, and took to the woods. On the side of a hill, in a thick pine grove, he pitched his tent, where he cooked his food, ate, slept, and studied. Of course, his strange conduct made a great deal of talk. One morning, after a terrible thunder-storm during the night, his friends hunted him up.

"You'll be sick of your bargain after this," they said, "and be glad enough to have a waterproof roof over your head."

"I did not take to the woods from choice," answered the young man. "I could not see my way clear to pay for lodgings, and I am resolved never to be in debt. I know too well the danger of being in debt—my scanty income will carry me through the summer, when I hope better times are coming."

Gentlemen offered to aid him, but he sturdily refused their offers, got through his studies, and has now a large business, which handsomely supports him.

Was not that pluck? And did he not well think that the danger of being in debt is a serious danger? I wish more people thought so. Getting loose in money matters is often the beginning of ruin. When a boy or a young man falls into the habit of borrowing money, spending freely, having things charged, neglecting to pay, dodging his creditors, promising to pay and not keeping his promise, he is in a bad way. He forgets, lies, loses his self-respect, and is slowly but surely letting himself down, down, down. The history of many a man shows how far down it may be, even to robbery and murder. Two of the worst murders ever committed in Boston were done by respectable men to hide their debts. One killed his intimate friend because he could not pay a debt which he was owing him. The other, a young man, shot in cold blood in broad day a young associate, that he might rob the bank he was in of a few thousands to pay his debts with. Both did their work coolly, and apparently without any twinges of conscience.

Both were above all suspicion. They had borne a character fair to the world, but there was a weak spot, a screw loose, a canker at the core. They were loose in their money matters. Debts were dogging at their heels. They had lost their uprightness; and having lost that, the devil can tempt a soul to anything.—*Child's Paper.*

THERE'S THE LORD'S ANSWER.

Many years ago, when in my country charge, I returned one afternoon from a funeral, fatigued with the day's work. After a long ride I had accompanied the mourners to the churchyard. As I neared my stable-door, I felt a strange prompting to visit a poor widow who, with her invalid daughter, lived in a lonely cottage in an outlying part of the parish. My natural reluctance to make another visit was overcome by a feeling which I could not resist, and I turned my horse's head towards the cottage. I was thinking only of the poor widow's spiritual needs; but when I reached her little house I was struck with its look of unwonted barrenness and poverty. After putting a little money into her hand, I began to inquire into their circumstances, and found that their supplies had been utterly exhausted since the night before. I asked them what they had done. "I just spread it out before the Lord!" "Did you tell your case to any friend!" "Oh no, sir, naebody kens but Himsel' and me! I kent He would na forget, but I dinna ken hoo He wad help me till I saw you come riding ower the brae, and then I said, "There's the Lord's answer!" Many a time has the recollection of this incident encouraged me to trust in the loving care of my Heavenly Father.—*New Testament Anecdotes.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—MAY 30.

JESUS FEEDING FIVE THOUSAND.—John 6: 1-21.

COMMIT VERSES 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto him, I am the bread of life.—John 6: 35.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ has power to help us in every time of need.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 5: 19-47.
T. John 6: 1-21.
W. Matt. 14: 13-36.
Th. Mark 6: 30-56.
F. *Luke 9: 10-17.*
Sa. Ps. 78: 1-32.
Su. Ps. 107: 23-33.

TIME.—April, A.D 29. Almost a year after our last lesson.

PLACE.—A plain on the north-east shore of the sea of Galilee, belonging to Bethsaida, which lies at the entrance of the Jordan into the sea of Galilee.

JESUS.—Aged 32-33 years; just beginning the *last year of his ministry.*

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Matt. 14: 13-33; Mark 6: 30-52; Luke 9: 10-17.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Almost a year of Jesus' life comes between the last lesson and this, largely spent in Galilee. The events are recorded in Matt. 4: 12 to 14: 12; Mark 1: 14 to 6: 29; Luke 4: 14 to 9: 9.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. AFTER THESE THINGS: spoken of in our *last lesson.* The interval was about a year. OVER THE SEA OF GALILEE: from the western side, probably near Capernaum. He had just heard that Herod, in whose dominions he was, had beheaded John the Baptist (Matt. 14: 13). 3. INTO A MOUNTAIN: the mountainous region that bordered the plain of Bethsaida on the south-east. 4. THE PASSOVER: this year, April 18. 5. SAW A GREAT COMPANY: 5,000 men (v. 10), besides women and children (Matt. 14: 21). They came by land from all parts. 7. TWO HUNDRED PENNYWORTH: about $30.00. A penny, denarius, is 15 cents, the price of a day's work. 9. BARLEY LOAVES: the food of the poorest. FISHES: salted, and eaten as a relish, like sardines. 14. THAT PROPHET: the Messiah, or his forerunner, whom the Jews were expecting to come and deliver them. 15. MAKE HIM A KING: the expected prophet was to be a king. 19. FIVE AND TWENTY OR THIRTY FURLONGS: three or three and a half miles, half way across the sea. AFRAID: thinking he was a ghost or apparition (Matt. 14: 26). 21. AT THE LAND: Capernaum.

LEARN BY HEART V. 29; Ps. 107: 1-8.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much of Jesus' ministry intervenes between this lesson and the last? Where are the event recorded? In how many of the gospels are the events of this lesson given? Have you read the account in each of them?

SUBJECT: JESUS' POWER OVER NATURE.

I. POWER TO SUPPLY OUR DAILY WANTS (vs. 1-14).—To what place did Jesus go? (v. 1, Luke 9: 10.) Why? (Mark 6: 31, Matt. 14: 12, 13.) Who followed him? (v. 2.) How did they get there? (Mark 6: 33.) What did Jesus do for them? (Luke 9: 11.) What did the disciples propose toward night? (Luke 9: 12.) What did Jesus say to Philip? For what purpose? What did Philip reply? How much is our money *is* 200 pence?

How did Jesus feed the multitude? How many were there? How much was left after all had eaten? Why were the fragments gathered up? What does this miracle show as to Jesus' power? As to his care for our bodily wants?

Why did Jesus distribute the food through his disciples? Did they lose anything by giving to others? Show how this is still true when churches or individuals impart to others the spiritual blessings Jesus has bestowed upon them. Is it true of giving money to the poor and for Christ's kingdom? Apply to our church work the command to gather up the fragments.

II. POWER TO HELP IN TIME OF TROUBLE (vs. 15-21).—Why did they want to make Jesus a king? Where did Jesus spend some time? (v. 15.) How long? (Mark 6: 45-48.) For what purpose? (Mark 6: 46.) What trouble came upon the disciples? What did they see when in the middle of the lake? Why were they afraid? What did Jesus say to them? What became of the storm when Jesus entered the boat? (Mark 6: 51.) Has Jesus still such power over nature? What comfort to us in this fact? (Matt. 8: 18. Rom. 8: 28, 35-39.)

Do we need special seasons of rest and communion with God? Why? Why does Jesus permit trouble to come upon us? May we always have Jesus with us in the storm? How? Will he always say "Peace, be still" to the trouble?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Jesus ever has compassion on the multitudes.

II. Jesus is ever multiplying the little talents, spiritual life, power, faith of his people, for the good of the world.

III. When we freely give to others what God gives us, there is more left for us than if we had given none.

IV. Jesus is able and willing to supply our daily needs.

V. We need much prayer, meditation, and communion with God.

VI. Jesus is with us in our storms and trials.

VII. Where Jesus is there is safety and peace.

LESSON X.—JUNE 6.

JESUS THE BREAD OF LIFE.—John 6: 22-40.

COMMIT VERSES 27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lord, evermore give us this bread.—John 6: 34.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus is the bread of life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 6: 22-40.
T. John 6: 41-71.
W. John 4: 1-15.
Th. Ps. 42: 1-11.
F. Ps. 81: 1-12.
Sa. Ex. 16: 1-18.
Su. Isa. 55: 1-13.

TIME.—April, A.D. 29. The day following our last lesson.

PLACE.—Capernaum, on the north-west shore of the lake of Galilee.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—This lesson follows naturally after the last, being the instruction Jesus gives the multitude, with the feeding of *the 5,000 for a text and object lesson.*

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

22. THE DAY FOLLOWING: the one in which the 5,000 were fed. 23. HOWBEIT, OTHER BOATS: this is said to show how the people came across when it had just been said that no boats were left. 26. NOT BECAUSE YE SAW THE MIRACLES: not for the teaching of the miracles, but for the benefits they obtained from them. 27. LABOR NOT: do not make the wants of the body the chief end of life. THE MEAT WHICH ENDURETH: the food of the soul, that gives it life, that enlarges and strengthens it, and satisfies its immortal wants. HATH THE FATHER SEALED: attested as his son and sent from him with the true message. Sealing to the ancients was like signing the name with us. 29. THE WORK OF GOD THAT YE BELIEVE: faith is the source and fountain of all good works. 31. AS IT IS WRITTEN: Ps. 78: 24. 32. MOSES GAVE YOU NOT: it was not Moses, but God, who gave the manna (Ex. 16). They implied that Moses had done what was more wonderful than Christ, for he fed many thousands 40 years with sweet manna. 35. NEVER HUNGER: with pain, and unsatisfied desire. But only as in the Beatitude. 37, THE FATHER GIVETH ME: the divine side of a salvation, life, desire, new hearts, come from God only. 39. RAISE IT UP AGAIN: at the resurrection. Death should not destroy those who believe.

LEARN BY HEART vs. 33-35, 37-39.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What two miracles of Jesus did we study in our last lesson? Where were Jesus and his disciples then? To what place did they go?

SUBJECT: THE BREAD OF LIFE.

I. SEEKING THE BREAD OF LIFE (vs. 22-27).—Why did the people wonder where Jesus was? Where did they find him? What question did they ask him? What did Jesus say was their object in seeking him? What should have been their motive? What earnest counsel did Jesus give them? What is meant by "the meat that perisheth"? Why should they not labor for this? Does this mean that they are not to work for anything to eat? (2 Thess. 3: 10-12. Rom. 12: 11. Eph. 4: 28.) What is "the meat that endureth unto everlasting life"? Why should this be the chief object of their labor? How were they to obtain it? What is meant by "him hath the Father sealed"?

Why is v. 23 inserted in the narrative? How would you reconcile v. 26 with v. 14? Is it better to seek Jesus with a poor motive than not to seek him at all? Why should they labor for what Jesus gives them? (v. 27.)

II. FINDING THE BREAD OF LIFE (vs. 28-35).—What question did they ask Jesus? What did he say was the work of God? Show how believing on Jesus is "the work of God." What proof did they ask? Why did they refer to the manna? What three marks of the true bread are mentioned in v. 33? Who is this true bread? How is Jesus the bread of life?

Did the people imply that Moses was a greater prophet than Jesus? How did the feeding with manna compare with the feeding the 5,000? What is the food of the soul? How does Jesus feed the soul?

III. EATING THE BREAD OF LIFE (vs. 35-40).—What did Jesus promise those who came to Him? How do you reconcile this with the Beatitude in Matt. 5: 6? Is coming to Jesus the same as believing on Him? What promises do you find in these verses? What is God's will for those who believe on Jesus? From these verses and v. 51 what do you learn as to the meaning of eating the bread of life?

What two parts in salvation do you find in v. 37? How can believing in Jesus give us everlasting life? When is the last day? What is raised up?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. The true purpose of life is that which belongs to the soul and the character.

II. The soul needs food as really as the body.

III. The food of the soul is that which gives it spiritual life, develops character, satisfies its wants, strengthens its faculties.

IV. A new heart, given through faith, is the source of all good works.

V. The true bread is (1) from God, (2) life-giving, (3) for all the world, (4) satisfies the wants of the soul.

VI. This true bread (1) satisfies, (2) continues, (3) gives salvation, (4) brings eternal life here, (5) gives eternal life beyond the grave.

VII. The way to obtain this bread of life is by coming to Jesus, believing on Jesus, loving Jesus.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her!
By her cellar,
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall,
I can guess her
By her dresser,
By the back staircase and hall.
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms;
Or the peeping
At the "keeping"
Of her back and unseen rooms.
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness,
Wherein in cleanliness and sweetness
The rose of order blooms.
—*Good Housekeeping.*

THRUST INTO DANGER.

"I live," said a gentleman lately, "in a town near New York, and go to my business there and return daily on the same line of railway. The train in the morning and afternoon is filled with girls from ten to eighteen years of age on their way to and from schools in the city. They usually belong to families of the educated, influential class, and at home are carefully gurded from vulgar or vicious companions. They are not so guarded on the cars, and the result is soon apparent.

"For example: I remember, about five years ago, that a blushing little girl of fifteen was put one morning on the train by her father; her books were in an embroidered bag, and her ticket ready in her portemonnaie. It was evidently the first time she had made the journey alone. She sat timidly in one corner, her color coming and going when the conductor spoke to her. She was a picture of innocence and modesty.

"After that, she came down every day on the same train. In a day or two, I noticed that she was listening to the chatter of the other school-girls, at first with a mixture of disgust and amazement on her shy face. Presently, as she became used to it, the disgust wore off, and she listened, smiling, to their absurd gossip and jokes.

"In a week or two the conductor and brakesman recognized her as a familiar figure and tipped their hats to her as she stepped on board. A little later they exchanged good-morning and remarks about the weather. She apparently felt that civility required some answer. When, as weeks passed, the conductor, a young, vulgar fellow, stopped beside her seat to ask what was her school, and to make remarks on her text-books, the girl, though frightened and annoyed, did not know how to dismiss him.

"Before the summer was over, she had lost much of her shyness and helplessness. She came alone to the train, jumped on board, and marched into the car like the others with an air of perfect *sang froid*. The girl was not to blame. It was the natural effect of her daily journeys without protection. But the dewy bloom was fast going from the peach.

"In a year that girl entered the car as if it belonged to her, laughing and joking loudly with the other girls and the train-hands. She had lost all interest for me, and I ceased to notice her. One day, however, about a year afterwards, the morning papers contained the account of the elopement of the daughter of Judge Blank with a man who turned out to be a professional gambler. 'Their acquaintance,' it was stated, 'began on the cars.'

"It was the shy little girl. She might yet be shy and innocent and happy, if her mother had not subjected her to the risks of that unprotected journey. No education can atone for the price paid for it in such exposure."—*Youth's Companion.*

NERVOUS PROSTRATION IN YOUNG GIRLS.

It is perhaps due to the hurried life of the Nineteenth Century that nervous prostration has become one of the prevailing diseases of the time. Did any of our grandmothers ever have it? Did our great-aunts leave vacant seats by the fireside, while they went off to Florida or Bermuda to give their tired nerves rest?

Just now one family has abandoned the city and gone into the country for a time, in order that the bright and charming eldest daughter of the house may have rest and recuperate her exhausted nervous energy.

In another case the daughter has gone away by herself to seek her nerves and her health in the quiet of a rural retreat in Vermont. So common is the malady that it is known in society slang as "N. P.;" and there are two or three hospitals near Boston where no other patients are received than those who are suffering from it.

That some women should break down nervously from a long combination of much brain-work and much society is not so strange, but why should girls of from eighteen to twenty-two find out that they have nerves at all?

Surely, it argues something wrong in our system of living. Life—the life of to-day—reminds one of starting to run down a hill. You go faster and faster, until the very momentum of your own speed so impels you that you must either rush on madly, or fall helpless. A girl must learn languages, music,—if she has the tip of an ear for it,—drawing, and dancing, very likely; and must be well-dressed and well-mannered.

Science lies in wait for her. All sorts of ologies spread their nets. Yet, after all, days are not elastic. In each one there are precisely twenty-four hours and no more; and into these twenty-four hours every energy is bent to compress forty-eight hours of work.

The poor girl lives in a whirl. She has not a moment to think. Sleep forsakes her. Of blessed restfulness she knows nothing. In an extreme case, she dies—as died, lately, one of the loveliest and brightest girls in Washington, who had been doing social duty enough for three girls, at least

In a less extreme case the poor, pretty rosebud, unduly forced to hurried bloom, withers, grows pale, becomes all one nervous tremor, and then runs away, to live for a while with quiet, unhurrying Nature, happy, indeed, if it be not too late for this placid and restful companionship to bring her healing.

This kind of illness among girls is becoming fearfully common. A charming bride lately went through the marriage ceremony with only two or three witnesses, because of a sudden break-down in her health, after all her preparations had been made for a grand wedding. She had had nervous prostration two years before, in consequence of a too-exciting New York season, and the toils and cares of providing her wedding outfit had reduced her to helplessness again; so that she begins her married life already an invalid.

A girl's life is not in the abundance of even her intellectual possessions; and a knowledge of languages and of ologies may be bought too dear. No possible acquirement can outweigh the worth of a sound mind in a sound body; and there will be hope for our girls when they are taught to feel that the important thing is not what they acquire, but what they are.

To live simply and contentedly, striving to please God rather than to please man, to be rather than to see, and to do to-day the duties of to-day, and not those of to-morrow,—this is the secret of living well and long.—*Youth's Companion.*

HINTS AND HELPS.

The tiny red ants which are such a nuisance in many pantries, may be easily driven away if kerosene is freely used. Those who have been troubled by them know that they always come in lines, coming through some crevice in the wall or floor, and following one after the other in regular order until they reach the shelf above. If kerosene is turned the entire length of this line, also on the place where they come in, the floor, etc., they will soon depart. You may need to to repeat this a few times, but it is an easy and effectual method of getting rid of them. Leave the door and windows open a while and the scent of kerosene will soon be gone.

If your flat-irons trouble you by dropping black specks from the top or sides when ironing, take them in a pan of soap-suds and give them a thorough washing, and dry quickly, to prevent rusting.

Paper bags in which many articles are sent from the grocery stores, should be saved for use when blacking a stove. You can slip the hand into one of these and handle the brush just as well, and the hand will not be soiled at all, and when through with them they can be dropped into the stove, being much preferable to the cloth bag or mitten, which requires frequent washing.

To make lamp chimneys look beautifully clean, wash them in warm soap suds, turn scalding water over them, wipe dry with a soft cloth, and rub with a piece of newspaper. This will give a nicer polish than can be obtained in any other way. Windows treated in the same way will be found to look much nicer than if simply washed and rinsed.

To take ink stains out of table cloths, napkins, etc., put the article to soak immediately in thick sour milk, changing the milk as often as necessary.—*Ex.*

HOW TO WASH BLANKETS.

The following method of washing blankets has been highly recommended by an experienced housekeeper. For half a dozen double blankets take one pound of borax dissolved in a gallon of boiling water, with a pound of pure white bar soap, shaved up finely. Stir until all is melted. Then put the blankets into a tub, as many as will go in, turn water upon them just warm to the hand, and mix with it the solution of borax and soap. If three double blankets are to be washed, take half the mixture at one time. Never rub soap upon any kind of woollen, or rub the blankets, but souse them up and down in the suds, and squeeze them in the hands, and pull them from one hand into the other, until all dirt and soil are removed. If there are spots of grease upon the blankets, a little borax and soap can be gently rubbed upon them until they are extracted, but much rubbing will full up the texture. When white and clean rinse in lukewarm water, and use two waters if one does not leave them very white. Wring through a wringer, hang on the line, and pull straight and smooth. Blankets should always be washed on a sunny day, when they can dry quickly, and be folded up before the dew commences to fall. They do not need to be ironed, but can be passed through a mangle, if one is at hand. They can be laid between two mattresses and pressed, or put on shelves in the linen closet, and heavy books placed upon them.

BROWN BREAD AND BREWIS.

Two cupfuls of corn meal, one cupful of graham, one-third cupful of the best molasses, two cupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoon rounding full of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly, pour into a buttered bread boiler, or tin pail, which should be placed in a kettle of boiling water and cook steadily for five hours. The pail, if used, should be one with a tight cover. The kettle should also be covered, and care taken that the water does not stop boiling. Fill up the kettle with boiling water from time to time as it may be needed.

This makes a small loaf, but the quantities may be easily doubled if more is wanted, and the bread is light and delicious, and of a rich, dark, reddish brown color. Rye meal may be used instead of graham, but we prefer the latter. The milk should not be very sour, if it is, half sweet may be used, which will make it right.

There is an old-fashioned dish made of brown bread crusts and pieces called brewis, which is very nice. Put the slices of bread, the crusts and broken pieces into a hot oven until they are well browned, then break them and put into a saucepan with enough boiling milk, well seasoned with salt and butter, to cover the bread. Simmer slowly for an hour or two, adding milk as it boils away or is absorbed by the bread. Serve hot, and you will have a wholesome and palatable dish.—*The Household.*

THE BOY'S VACATION is looked forward to as a season of relaxation—the time when he can go home, kill the fatted calf, have a jollification with his friends, laugh and grow fat, and be back in his place, when the term opens, with a fresh appetite for his work, settling his wardrobe for the season by ordering, at the last moment, a new suit or two. The girl's vacation is filled with needlefuls of thread. Dresses, wraps, undergarments, all will wear out, and all must be replenished. Even when a seamstress can be afforded, she must be superintended. Quite as often she cannot be, or at least is not afforded, and the girls stitch away through the days which should be free for rest and recuperation, needed by them naturally as much as by the boys, really much more.—*Hannaford.*

DR. BENJAMIN RUSH a hundred years ago said: "No man shall arise in the judgment and say Dr. Benjamin Rush made me a drunkard."

RECIPES.

IF YOU HAVE a light print dress or some stockings of a delicate color that you fear to wash lest they should fade, put a teaspoonful of sugar of lead into a pail of cold water and soak the articles in it, and it will set the color permanently.

ONE MORE RECIPE in answer to a request for a cheap rice pudding. It is the best we ever ate, and we think the cheapest. Take three pints of cold milk and stir into it first, four heaping tablespoonfuls of rice, one cup of sugar, a piece of butter half the size of a hen's egg cut in bits, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Turn into a buttered dish and bake in a slow oven for three hours. When done it will be creamy and delicious. It may be eaten either hot or cold, with or without sauce.

WHEN WE moved into our new house last October, we found the house overrun with mice. My husband immediately procured some cayenne pepper and mixed it with water so it was a little thicker than cream, and soaked pieces of paper in it and filled up every hole he could find and in less than a week the house was free from them. They will not gnaw around it.—*Household.*

IN BLACKING and polishing stoves, for many years we have put on an old glove or mitten. This was better than getting one's hand so black and grimy, but a more excellent way has dawned. Of course everybody keeps their old paper bags handy. Envelop the hand in one of these, grasp the brush and proceed. The bothersome glove and thick, woolly mitten are both dispensed with. This is a little thing, but the little things and small matters in life go far in the grand whole.

IT IS WISE not to use soap when washing cups and saucers; when the next hot tea is poured, there is danger of a soapy taste, not specially agreeable to the palate. There are many practical things about dish washing. One little point is a clean dishcloth. I've often noticed dark, untidy looking ones, even among those who professed better things. Use a well-washed, rinsed, and dried cloth, change often enough to keep from getting grim and dirty, and "death in the dish-cloth" cannot be laid to your charge.

SOILED UNDERGARMENTS or the wash clothes ought not to be put into a closet, ventilated or not ventilated. They should be placed in a large bag for the purpose, or a roomy basket, and then put in a well-aired room, at some distance from the family. Having thus excluded one of the fertile sources of bad odors in closets, the next point is to see that the closets are properly ventilated. It matters not how clean the clothing in the closet may be, if there is no ventilation that clothing will not be what it should be. Any garment after being worn for a while will absorb more or less of the exhalations which arise from the body, and thus contain an amount of foreign—it may be hurtful—matter, which free circulation of pure air can soon remove.—*Sanitarium.*

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

Enter my first with a studied grace,
Conceit in his head, and a smirk on his face;
Of fashion he deems himself quite the top,
And he's scented like any perfumer's shop,
So among the ladies he's surely reckoned,
For the evening at least, to be quite my second,
But oh! what a fall for the brilliant star!
A lady's whisper is heard too far;
"Of all the flowers that ever were,
The only one I to him compare
In my scentless whole, with its gaudy stare,"
Not quite rightly spelt, but comparison rare.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

One word is concealed in each sentence: 1. Tom wondered, as he drew near to the house, that not even Ponto remembered him. 2. At St. Malo every one admires the famous harbor. 3. There is the bad man who beats our dog nearly every day. 4. Tom and Jack together drove the large flock of sheep to the upper pasture.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

* o o *
* o *
* o o *
* o o *
* o o *

Upper-Word: 1. support; 2. a man's name; 3. to stumble; 4. one of the Great Canadian Lakes; 5. to make a loud noise. The initials form a man's name; the finals a player on a wind instrument. The two together, the name of a celebrated nursery character connected with an anxious question concerning *p*'s.

MY RIDDLE.

There is plainness that shines with beauty,
There is weakness which men call strong,
There is work that is not for duty,
There is music that is not song.
There is loss that is more than gaining,
There is error that is not wrong.
There's a land of substance that is not earth,
An age that is ancient, yet of new birth.
Now, tell me, my friend, this riddle explaining,
To what may these opposite things belong?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Eggshell.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Mother.

RIDDLE.—XC. Take away X, leaving C—100.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.—1. D-air-y. 2. I-deal-s. 3. D-arne-l. 4. S-martin-g. 5. C-loud-s. 6. D-roller-y. 7. S-train-s.

The Family Circle.

"A LITTLE BAD."

BY HARDY JACKSON.

"Come, darling, come!" The voice was sweet,
Yet baby only shook her head,
And so, in tones all tenderness,
Rebukingly her mother said,

"I'm sorry you're so wilful, dear,
I called, you would not come, but stood;
Now go into the dining-room
And don't come back till you are good."

A sudden meekness seized the child.
With eyes bent downward to the floor,
Obedient now, she straightway went,
Yet paused a moment at the door.

Her face revealed a strife within,
A veil more thin no spirit had;
She raised her earnest eyes and said,
"*Mayn't I be a little bad?*"

O human nature! still the same,
In child, man or woman grown,
That when God says, "give me your heart,"
Would keep a portion for its own—

Some cherished sin, some fault that lies
'Twixt us and Heaven when we would pray,
Not knowing that surrender blest,
Enriches while it takes away.

Not almost, altogether Thine,
Help us, O Lord, henceforth to be,
To give ourselves a sacrifice
Holy, acceptable to Thee.

THE WONDERFUL BOX.

BY HARRIETTA REA.

Twenty-five years ago the region that lay west of the Mississippi River was called the frontier. After the present line of railways had been well established *in one of these* States, and towns were large and flourishing, a call for a ministers' convention was given by a well-known and beloved clergyman. This convention was, in many respects, unique. Only those who had borne a part in the early organization of the churches were invited. A prayer-meeting in the morning was held in the vestry. With the overwhelming rush of testimony from these "dwellers in the wilderness," and the magnetic power of sympathy, the spirit of the "upper room" fell upon this meeting, and one hour lengthened into two. The leader requested that Bible promises might be repeated, but only those that had been lived upon through *some time of need*. The power and pathos with which many of them were given, by men and women, cannot be described. There was a lunch at noon, a sermon in the afternoon upon "I will direct all his ways," and a dinner at five o'clock in the hall near by. An evening of social reunion at the pastor's house closed this delightful day. All were to leave the next morning for their different homes. A consciousness of its being the last time made everybody linger until a late hour, so there was time for the ladies to gather by themselves around a great open fire in one of the chambers of that hospitable mansion. Some one spoke of a trial, and another of a blessing, until all had settled down for an earnest talk that left upon each heart the hush of a benediction. One vivid experience, brought up from the depths of reality, was given by the wife of the clergyman who had called them together. Her field of usefulness had perhaps been the widest and most successful: "I remember a day, during one winter, that stands out like a boulder in my life. The weather was unusually cold; our salary had not been regularly paid, and it did not meet our needs when it was. My husband was away, travelling from one district to another much of the time. Our boys were well, but my little Ruth was ailing, and at the best none of us were decently clothed. I patched and repatched, with spirits sinking to their lowest ebb. The water gave out in the wells, and the wind blew through the cracks in the floor. The people in the parish were kind, and generous too, but the settlement was new, and each family was struggling for themselves. Little by little, at the very time when I needed it most, my faith began to waver. Early in life I was taught to take God at his word, and I thought my lesson had been well learned. I had lived upon the promises in dark times until I knew, as David did, who was my Fortress and Deliverer. Now a daily prayer for forgiveness was all I could offer. My husband's overcoat was hardly thick enough for October, and he was obliged to ride miles to attend some meeting or funeral. Many a time our breakfast was Indian cake and a cup of tea without sugar. Christmas was coming; the children always expected their presents. I remember that the ice was thick and smooth, and the boys were each craving a pair of skates. Ruth, in some unaccountable way, had taken a fancy that the dolls I had made were no longer suitable; she wanted a large, nice one, and insisted upon praying for it. I knew it was impossible, but, oh! how I wanted to give each child its present! It seemed as if God had deserted us; but I did not tell my husband of all this. He worked so earnestly and heartily I supposed him to be hopeful as ever. I kept the sitting room cheery with an open fire, and tried to serve our scanty meals as invitingly as I could. The morning before Christmas James was called to a sick man. I put up a piece of bread for his lunch—it was the best I could do—wrapped my plaid shawl around his neck, and then tried to whisper a promise, as I often had, but the words died away on my lips—I let him go without it. That was a dark, hopeless day. I coaxed the children to bed early for I could not bear their talk. When Ruth went I listened to her prayer; she asked, for the last time, most explicitly, for her doll, and for skates for her brothers. Her bright face looked so lovely when she whispered to me, 'You know, I think they'll be here to-morrow morning early, mamma,' that I thought I could move heaven and earth to save her from the disappointment. I sat down alone and gave way to the bitterest tears.

"Before long James returned, chilled and exhausted. He drew off his boots; the thin stockings slipped off with them, and his feet were red with cold. "I wouldn't treat a dog this way,' I said, wickedly, to myself, 'let alone a faithful servant.' Then, as I glanced up and noticed the hard lines in his face, *and the look of despair, it flashed over* me—James had let go too! I brought him a cup of tea, feeling sick and dizzy at the very thought. He took my hand, and we sat for half an hour without a word. I wanted to die, and meet God, and tell him his promise wasn't true—my soul was full of rebellious despair.

"*There* came a sound of bells, a quick step, and a loud knock at the door. James sprang to open it. There stood Deacon Pike. 'A box came along for you by express—just before dark. I brought it around as soon as I could get away; reckoned it might be for Christmas; any rate, I said, they shall have it to-night. Here's a turkey my wife asked me to fetch along, and these other things I believe belong to you.' There was a basket of eggs, a bushel of potatoes, and a bag of flour. Talking all the time, he hurried in the box, and then, with a hearty good-night, rode away.

"Still without speaking, James found a chisel, and pried open the cover. I drew out at first a thick red blanket, and we saw that beneath it was full of clothing.

"It seemed, at that moment, as if Christ fastened upon me a look of reproach. James sat down and covered his face with his hands. 'I can't touch them!' he exclaimed. 'I haven't been true, just when God was trying me to see if I could hold out. Do you think I did not see how you were suffering, and I had no word of comfort to offer? I know now how to preach the awfulness of turning away from God.'

"'James,' I said, clinging to him, 'don't take it to heart like this. I've been to blame. I ought to have helped you. We will ask him together to forgive us.'

"'Wait a moment, dear; I cannot talk now,' and then he went into another room

"I knelt down, and my heart broke in an instant. All the darkness, all the stubbornness, rolled away. Jesus came again, and stood before me, but now with the loving word 'Daughter!' Sweet promises of tenderness and joy flooded my soul. I was so lost in praise and gratitude that I forgot everything else. I don't know how long it was before James came back, but I saw that he, too, had found forgiveness and peace. 'Now, dear wife,' he said, 'let us thank God together,' and then he poured out words of praise—Bible words, for nothing less could express our thanksgiving. It was eleven o'clock; the fire was low, and there was the great box, and nothing touched but the warm blanket we needed so much. We piled on some fresh logs, lighted two candles, and began to examine our treasures. We drew out an overcoat. I made James try it on. Just the right size, and I danced round him, for all my light-heartedness had returned. Then there was a warm cloak, and he insisted on seeing me in it. My spirits always infected him, and we both laughed like foolish children. There was a full suit of clothes also, and three pairs of warm woollen hose. There was a dress for me, nice and new, and yards of flannel. A pair of Arctic overshoes for each of us, and in mine was a slip of paper: I have it now, and mean to hand it down to my children. It was Jacob's blessing to Asher: 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be.' In the gloves, evidently for James, the same dear hand had written: 'I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee.'

"It was a wonderful box, and packed with thoughtful care. There was a suit of clothes for each of the boys, and a little red gown for Ruth. There were mittens and scarfs and hoods; down in the centre a box—we opened it, and there lay a great wax doll. I burst into tears again, and James wept with me for joy, it was too much; and then we both exclaimed again, for close beside it were two pairs of skates. There were books for us to read—some of those I had wished to see—stories for the children, aprons and underclothing, knots of ribbon, a gay little tidy, and a lovely photograph; needles, buttons, and thread—actually a muff, and an envelope inclosing a ten-dollar gold piece. At the last we cried over everything we took up. It was past midnight. We were faint and exhausted even with happiness. I made a cup of tea, cut a fresh loaf of bread, and James boiled some eggs. We drew up the table before the fire. How we enjoyed our supper. And then we sat talking over all our life, and how sure a helper God had always proved.

"You should have seen the children next morning. The boys raised a shout at the sight of their skates. Ruth caught up her doll, and hugged it tightly, without a word. Then she went into her room, and knelt down by the bed. When she came back she whispered to me: 'I knew it would be here, mamma, but I wanted to thank God just the same, you know.' Look here, wife, see the difference.' We went to the window, and there were the two boys, out of the house already, and skating away on the crust with all their might.

"My husband and I both tried to return our thanks to the church at the East that sent us the box, and we've tried to return thanks to God every day since. Hard times have come again and again, but we have trusted in him, dreading nothing so much as a doubt of his protecting care. Over and over again we have proved that 'they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.'"—*Christian Union.*

TWO ESCAPES.

"I always like to hear people say that they believe in special providences," said aunt Ruth, on one occasion when she came in with her knitting work to sit a little while.

"It gives me a world of comfort to think that God takes thought of me. I have had several experiences, that could be accounted for in no other way, that are remarkable enough, it seems to me, to strengthen any one's faith. The first time such an interposition came directly home to my heart was when I was quite a young woman. I was driving with my husband and my sister-in-law in a lonely country way. We had a livery-stable team; the horse was decidedly skittish, and as we went tearing down a long hill I caught a glimpse of an old man standing with his back toward us in a peculiar, shrinking, cringing attitude in the brush beside the road. Acting upon an uncontrollable impulse, I seized the reins, pulling up the horse with all my strength and crying out, 'I want to speak to him!' in such an excited voice that my husband commanded the horse to stop. The old man turned a white face toward us, and just at that moment, without warning of bell or whistle, a locomotive went flying across the road in front of us. The horse reared; the old man caught him by the bridle, saying brokenly, 'Thank God, you are saved!'

"We were all paralyzed for the moment, then my husband found voice to say:

"'What railway is that? I had no idea there was a railway within miles of this place.'

"'It's the new "Mill River Branch,"' explained the old man. 'They have just put down the rails, and the engines of the construction trains have been running wild here for two or three days. I saw one of them coming the very moment that I caught sight of you with this horse, that we consider hereabouts to be almost unmanageable. I was sure I could not stop him, and I turned my back to escape seeing you crushed or thrown into the air by the engine.'

"'What possessed you to desire to speak to that old man?' said my husband. 'I never knew you to be so actuated before. Indeed, you are always decidedly averse to my accosting any chance wayfarer.'

"'*I cannot explain it in any natural way,*' I replied. 'It was a sudden uncontrollable impulse that did not allow me to wait for an instant's consideration.'

"'It was a thought from the Lord,' said the old man. 'No Christian can doubt that it was a direct interposition of Divine Providence to save you from a certain death.'"

"There is a great comfort in the thought," said grandma Beals. "The incident reminds me of an experience of my own some years ago. One frosty winter's day my son John and I were driving quite rapidly along the beaten snow-path between two large manufacturing villages. A little way from the road, at one point, we came upon a man who was cutting down a large oak tree. As soon as I caught sight of his shining axe glistening in the sun, and realized what he was doing, I was seized with sudden alarm, and exclaimed:

"'Stop, John! We must wait until it is down!'

"'It will fall away from the road,' said John. 'Don't you see that he is cutting it with that object in view?'

"But I was not reassured, and although I am not at all a nervous woman, I called out in a sharp, quick voice to the horse:

"'Whoa, Major!'

"The well-trained animal came to a stand-still, and the man who was chopping arrested his blows, stepped back and shouted, 'Go ahead; this tree will not fall your way.'

"Even as the words reached us there was a crushing sound, a tremble in the boughs of the great tree, and behold, it was falling directly towards the road, and so near us as it crashed down that some of the twigs of the wide-spreading branches brushed old Major's head.

"No one spoke a word. Son John handed me the reins silently as he stepped from the sleigh, and, taking the woodman's extra axe, helped to clear a way for us to pass. A half-hour later, as our horse was led carefully under some of the huge limbs from which the branches had been cut, the woodman said reverently and humbly, 'The tree was rotten to the core. I did not suspect that. I think, ma'am, the Lord told you to cry "Whoa" in that sharp voice, for, don't you see, if you had not I should have been crushed as well as you, for the tree went over so sudden and so unexpected there would have been no chance for me to dodge. All the time I have been trimming out a way for you I have been saying over to myself, "Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." And not one of the two sold for a farthing fell to the ground without the Father's knowledge, you know.'"

The old lady wiped her eyes and her glasses, and then added slowly as she tied on her gingham sun-bonnet, "I think that incident was what made a believer of John."
—*Christian Weekly.*

JOHNSON had the honest courage to say to Hannah More, "I cannot take a little, child; therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult." There are many less able to resist temptation than was Johnson, who would fear to make such an acknowledgment even to themselves.—*Alliance News.*

THOSE who give wine to children should read the *Lancet*, which says:—"There are few subjects on which medical authorities are more agreed than in thinking that children are far better without any form of alcoholic stimulant. The beverage at all childrens' entertainments should be non-alcoholic."

A VERY SILLY BOY.

All the boys and girls in the schoolroom sat erect, with folded hands, and looked at their teacher. He held an open letter in his hand, and this was the sentence which had called them to order:

"Scholars, you may lay aside your books and give attention to me. I have something to read to you. This letter is addressed to 'Schoolroom No. 4.' Listen!

"'Whoever would like to spend a day in roaming around my grounds, gathering nuts, and mosses, and anything else he can find, is invited to be ready in the schoolroom at nine o'clock on Thursday morning, when my hay waggons will come for them.

Your friend,

SILAS G. BURNSIDE.'"

The reading of this letter made a sensation. The girls looked at one another and laughed; the boys puckered their lips in the shape of a "hurrah," and swung their arms, and little Peter Bacon, who was apt to be the first speaker, said:

"If you please, sir, can't we give him three cheers?"

"Yes," said the smiling teacher.

And they did.

But the boy I wanted to tell you about was Reuben Parsons. He neither smiled nor cheered. More than that, when Thursday morning came, instead of being up early to blacken his boots, and get himself in trim to spend a day at the great handsome farmhouse, he sat glumly down in a corner of the room, tossed over a book or two, and wished he had something that was worth doing.

"Why, Reuben Parsons!" his sister Emma said, dashing into the room ready dressed. "Did you know it is almost nine o'clock, and your hair isn't even combed! I don't believe they will wait a minute after nine o'clock. You aren't going! Why not? Are you sick?"

"I don't go to places where I ain't invited."

This was Reuben's surly answer. But his sister was only the more astonished.

"Why, Reuben Parsons! What do you mean? Don't you belong to room No. 4?"

Of course he did, Reuben snarled. What was the use of her asking such silly questions, he would like to know?

Well, didn't he hear the letter read and didn't it say:

"Whoever wants to spend a day there?" And didn't he want to go?

"It was likely he wanted to go," Reuben said. "A fellow wouldn't be so foolish as to not want to go to such a place when he could; but that was neither here nor there; he wasn't invited. There wasn't a single word about him in that letter from beginning to end, and the long and short of it was, he wasn't going a step."

A VERY SILLY BOY.

For a full minute Emma stood and looked at him; then she spoke her mind:

"Well, I think you are just the silliest boy I ever heard of in my life!"

You think so too? You don't believe there was ever a boy who acted so like a simpleton as he did?

Well, to tell you the truth, I don't know that there ever was about going to a nutting party. I just imagined it.

But I'll tell you what made me think of it. I had a talk the other day with this same Reuben Parsons. It was about going to spend his life in the Beautiful City. I tried to remind him of the many invitations he had received, and how very rude he was in paying no attention to them; and don't you think he told me that he had never been invited in his life!

I found the verse in the Bible that says "whosoever will," but he said that wasn't his name; that it didn't say anything about Reuben Parsons in the Bible. Then I was tempted to tell him that I knew what his name was. It wasn't Reuben Parsons at all, but "Whosoever Won't."

Do you know what I mean by that?—*Pansy.*

"NAMING" OF A HINDU BABY.

I have been thinking that perhaps the young people of your band would like to know about a Hindu baby's, I was going to say, baptism, but that is not correct for a heathen—so will just call it "naming."

They are all familiar, no doubt, with the grave kindly minister, the tiny figure of the baby in its long white robes, and the solemn baptismal service of our own Church.

I'll try to picture for them the Hindu baby.

Come with me to a house in the city. Here we are at the door. There is a pipal tree; at some seasons the people take cotton yarn in their hands and, fastening the end to the tree, they walk round and round, each round of the thread on the tree trunk makes so much *pun* or merit for them. We will go into the house. This porch is a curious looking affair. The roof is of woven splints and is held up by two bamboo poles. At night it is let down, and is the shutter for the front doorway.

If you are tall you must stoop as you enter or your head will suffer. Now, here is the baby. It is only twelve days old and such a tiny, dark morsel of humanity lying on the bed beside its mother, covered up with a lot of cotton, for it has no clothes of its own. You see he is a Brahmin baby and will not wear any made-up clothing until this ceremony has been performed.

A number of Brahmins are out in the little court-yard at the back of the house, and a white cow is there too. Now an old Brahmin comes in; the baby is wrapped up in clean cotton and laid on a thing that looks like a dustpan, only it is made of splints like an Indian basket, instead of tin.

The Brahmin carries the baby out on this and *holds it in front of the cow.* The cow sniffs at it, and then the people say the gods have recognized it and the baby is carried back to its mother. After this the Brahmins sit round a fire, read from their sacred books and offer prayers for the safety of the child. When this is done they have a big dinner, baby's father gives them presents and they go away. Next day the lady friends of baby's mother come—baby lies on his mother's lap and the ladies lay their gifts about him—little rings, bracelets, jewels, silver cups, bright colored jackets and funny little caps made of bright calico. A nice new cradle has been brought. It is made of round sticks painted in brightest shades of red and green and yellow. It is hung from the ceiling by long iron rods instead of being set up on legs and rockers. Now baby is laid in his new cradle and two women sit down on the floor, one on each side. The one on the right lifts the baby, and hands him under the cradle to the other, who lifts him up on her side of the cradle and lays him down in it. While doing this they call on their god to take the child under his care and make him prosperous. This is done three times; then one of the women stoops down and whispers baby's name into its ear. Then a big dinner and a great deal of talking and baby is left to sleep, all unconscious of the wretched system of idolatry he has been introduced into. I hope that this baby's parents will have learned to know the true God and His Son Jesus long before baby is old enough to learn the idol worship and superstition that is their only religion now.—*E. R. Beatty in Canada Presbyterian.*

Indore, March 3, 1886.

A REGULAR TIME.

One of the greatest of English novelists has told us that, at a certain hour each day, he always resorted to a certain room to write, and stayed there a certain predetermined number of hours; that, often, he was not in the mood for writing when he entered the room, but he generally was before he came out; that the mere fact of regularly resorting, at a definite time, to a definite place, greatly facilitated the work of composition. The young Christian will find that it greatly facilitates the duty of prayer to have a regular time and place for prayer; and many an old Christian can testify that prayer may become habitual—nay, almost automatic—yet gain, rather than lose, in all that makes it precious to the believer. Meanwhile, the Christian who has lapsed into indifference and is trying to regain his lost ground, will regret nothing so much as that his habits of devotion are broken up; that he does not, at certain hours, turn instinctively, as once he did, to God for guidance and strength; that he sometimes, through force of habit, forgets to pray, just as Roland Strang, in William Black's "White Heather," through mere force of habit, forgot the pledge, which he had taken.

HIS GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PRAYERS.

There lived in one of the mountain towns of New England, aloof from the vice of cities, a man of extremely depraved tastes and vicious habits. As he lived, so men predicted that he would die. Christian hope for him had died out. The brand of Cain was on his brow, and children avoided him in the street. At length he was mysteriously and suddenly arrested in his evil courses, apparently by no human hand or voice of warning. He woke from a sound night's sleep conscious that he was a changed man. He felt a strange impulse to confession and prayer. Explain the anomaly as we may in our theological analysis, such was the fact. Evidence soon appeared to others of a radical revolution of his moral nature. Profane speech gave place to prayer. Dishonest, licentious, intemperate living yielded to Christ-like virtues. There was a singular completeness in the change. His character seemed to be quickly rounded in gracious symmetry, so that aged and saintly men learned wisdom from his lips. He lived a consistent Christian life, and died as good men die. The community looked on in amazement. Men inquired: "What is the meaning of this? Is this John ——, the man whom we have known as the scapegrace of the Four Corners?"

One old deacon of the church had been a shrewd observer of the ways of God. Said he: "Inquire into the man's ancestry. You will find somewhere, not very far back in the line of his pedigree, some man, or more likely, some woman, of eminent godliness. It is his or her faith which comes to light in this man's conversion. Prayer somewhere is answered in this mystery." Surely enough it was so. On inquiry, it was discovered that in the third generation, counting backward, the man had in his ancestral line a "mother in Israel." She had been the saint of the region. Her habit for years had been to pray much for the salvation of her posterity to the end of time. So mysteriously, yet so naturally, does the grace of God use the law of heredity in the building of his kingdom.—*S. S. Times.*

HE FELT MEAN.

A gentleman recently called at the rooms, who has found the blessedness of giving on principle, statedly and frequently, for the Lord's work. In the course of his conversation he said: "I used to be of that class who give a dollar a year to each of our societies, and this was done the last thing before our association meeting. No matter what the appeal was, I gave my dollar and thought I had done my duty. But I began thinking about it. I said: Here are these societies, that can't wait till the end of the year for means to carry on their work, and they are dependent on contributions from the people. They ought to have something more frequently. Then, too, I receive every day my daily bread, and I ought not to put off my offerings to God to the end of the year. I began to feel mean about it. It wasn't the manly, Christian thing to do. I turned over a new leaf. I began the system of weekly offerings as God blessed me. I found it much easier. I gave freely. The Lord has prospered me and it is now my delight to give.

Yes, I felt mean, and it was mean to do so little and that at the end of the year. I wish you would get all the people in the habit of making their offerings regularly and often to the Lord."—*The Home Mission Monthly.*

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

"I might not be able to do so; you might not choose to believe my word, and you might be too foolish to reason about it. But if I had a son, whose life I had given in order to try to save you, and if you believed that I loved my son, unless you were very foolish indeed, it would go far towards showing you that I had been in earnest."

"I think we would be great fools not to ask you to untie us," spoke out Karl in some heat.

"It seems to me that you would be very foolish; and Wells thinks so too, but he doesn't care to tell us so."

Then came Christie, holding Nettie by the hand, and carrying the baby in her arms.

"Christie," said Mr. Keith, "come here and tell us what would you do if you were told to choose one book out of all there were in the world, because the rest were to be burned."

"Why!" said Christie. "How dreadful! Oh, I would take the Bible, of course."

"Why, of course?"

"Oh, because it is the only book that shows us the way to heaven; and we could get along without knowing anything else, if we knew what was in the Bible, and if we knew all that there was in all the other books, and had no Bible, in a little bit of a while what good would it do us?"

"Sure enough, but do you believe these boys don't think so!"

Christie turned on the two troubled eyes. Wells laughed, but Karl said stoutly, "Why, we didn't say any such thing!"

"Didn't you? I thought you both agreed that you paid very little attention to it? And of course, if you thought it so important, you would give it a good deal of time and thought; that would be common sense, you know."

But neither Nettie nor the baby were in the mood for any more quiet talking. Mr. Keith took the baby, and the two went into a frolic, while Wells set Nettie on his knee, and began a wonderful story of two pigs and a monkey.

It was a wonderfully pleasant evening; the supper was delightful; even the baby waved his spoon and called for "more." The chickens were stewed in cream, and the potatoes were made into the loveliest little brown balls! Mr. Keith ate two balls, and asked Christie if these were "warmed up" ones, and whether warmed up ones could possibly be better.

Then Mrs. Tucker looked so puzzled that Mr. Keith felt obliged to explain that he had been invited to a tea-party, or rather, to be truthful, had invited himself, and that there was to be warmed up potatoes. Then Wells questioned and cross-questioned, until it finally all came out about Lucius and Lucy Cox, and he asked a great many questions about them, and sent Christie off into a burst of laughter by inquiring whether Lucy looked like "Sarah Ann."

But no one save Christie heard his whisper, just as he was going out of the door after Dennis came for him:

EVEN THE BABY CALLED FOR MORE.

"I say, Christie, may I come to the party? Do ask me; I'll be as good—Oh, as good as anything you can imagine; and I like warmed up potatoes better than anything."

And so Christie, in much bewilderment and some dismay, found a party growing on her hands, and wondered what she should do with them all.

She and Karl sat up for half an hour after the minister went home, to talk over all the strange events of the day. "He liked the farm horses," said Karl, meaning Wells did, "he said they behaved much better than his pony, and he should think it would be great fun to ride without any saddle or halter."

"Karl," said Christie, "did he tell Mr. Keith he did not believe the Bible was an important book."

"No," answered Karl indignantly, "he did not say such a word. All he said was, that they did not pay much attention to it at school; and that he did not know much about it, because he did not read it very often."

"Well, that was saying that he did not think it important, I suppose; we say things by our actions, Karl, though I never thought of it before. It seems queer that we can be telling people things without meaning too."

"It isn't true," persisted Karl; "I think the Bible is important, of course, and I don't read in it once a month."

"Well," said Christie, gravely, "if you had a geography, Karl, one of the new kind, you know well enough you wouldn't let it be in the house for a month without reading a good deal in it; now would you?"

But Karl declared that he was as tired as a dog, and was going right straight to bed. And to bed he went.

CHAPTER VIII.

Everything in the kitchen was cosey and bright, and very nice work was going on. Christie having once fully decided the matter of inviting Lucy and Lucius Cox to tea was in haste to carry out the plan; and that very morning a cake was being made to do honor to the occasion. Cake was something rare in the Tucker family; in her Eastern home Mrs. Tucker had been in the habit of spending every Saturday morning in her father's well-stocked kitchen, stirring up sweet mixtures for the next week's supply. This was when she was a girl. Mrs. Tucker in her Western home, had now and then baked a gingerbread, or made what she called a "batch" of seed cakes, or, on rarer occasions a pan of doughnuts, but, as a rule, it had been as much as they could do to furnish bread and beef and potatoes; and cake of all sorts had been left in the background.

"I don't know when I have done such a thing," said Mrs. Tucker as she broke the third egg into her yellow bowl, and then began to whisk them about with skilful touch. "It seems kind of extravagant, but I don't know how to make this cake with less than three eggs, and it is the one that I seem to remember the best. I used to like to make it, because it always behaved itself; never fell, nor cracked, nor anything."

"The hens laid a good many eggs this morning," Christie said encouragingly. "It seems as though they must have known what we wanted to do. I packed just as many for the grocery as usual, and yet had these five left. I don't think it is extravagant, mother; it isn't for us, you know, it is for the Cox children, and they never have a bit of cake, I do suppose."

"Good bread and butter and plenty of it would be better for them, child, than cake."

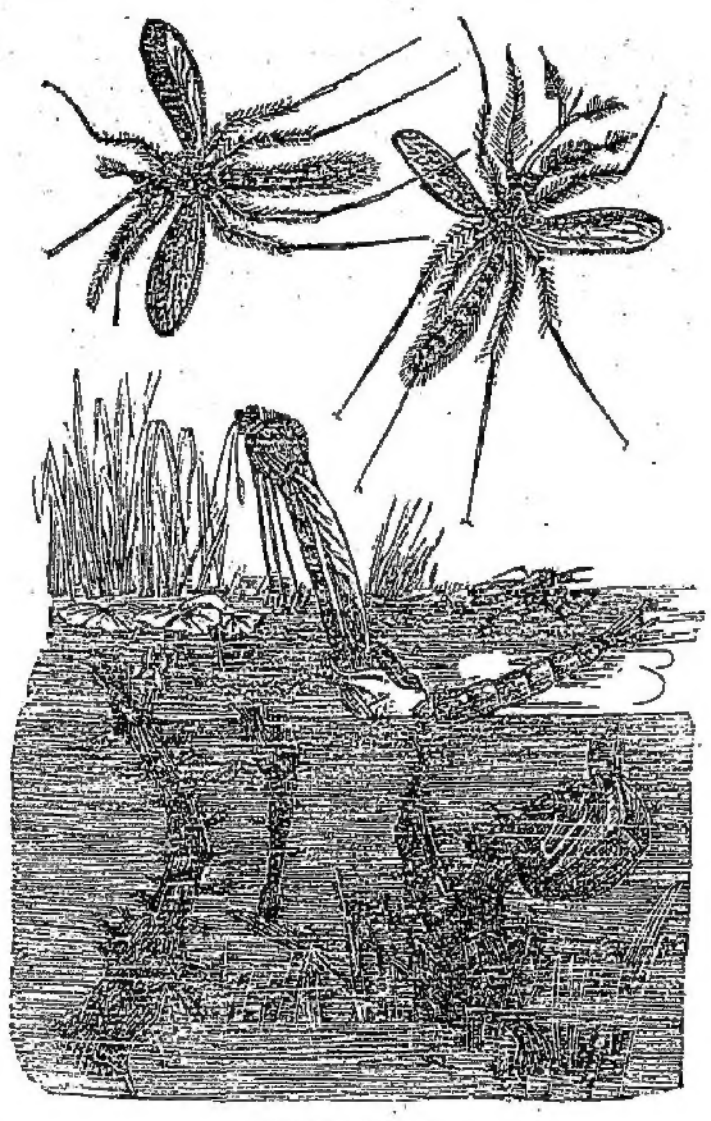
"Oh, I know it; but then bread and butter don't seem quite such a treat as cake; though that day when I was on the cars, and ate a piece of 'Sarah Ann's' bread and butter, I thought that a slice of our bread would be as great a treat as I could give her. It doesn't seem to me as though I could eat a piece of bread at the Cox's. Mother!"—A sudden thought had come to her, and a look of dismay passed over her face as she set her bowl of flour on the table.—"What if they should think they must ask us sometime to come to their house to tea!"

Mrs. Tucker stopped her egg-beating to laugh.

"What an idea, child!" she said. "They haven't a whole plate in the house, nor a decent dish of any kind; and as for company, such a wild thing never entered their minds. You needn't be distressed about that. I wonder what keeps Karl? I'm afraid I shall have to wait for that baking powder. Hurry with your flour, Christie, and then beat that butter and sugar to a cream. When I have cake, I like to have it nice. I'm sure I hope I haven't forgotten anything. It is so long since I have done such a thing as make a nice cake, that I'm in a kind of a fluster. If I had known that Burton boy was to have been here the other night, I suppose I should have made a cake then; though I don't know as I would have thought of such a thing now, if you hadn't coaxed. I heard Mr. Keith say once that he liked soft gingerbread better than any kind of cake, and I'm sure he ate it as though he did."

"So did Wells," said Christie, laughing; "he asked me if I thought you would see him if he took a second piece. Mother, shall I put in the raisins now?"

(*To be continued.*)



MOSQUITO LIFE.

WONDERS AT HOME.

If the mosquito were a very rare insect, found only in some far-off country, we should look upon it as one of the most curious of living creatures, and read its history with wonder—that an animal could live two such very different lives, one in the water and the other in the air. The female mosquito lays her eggs on the water.

She forms a little boat, gluing the eggs together side by side, until she has from 250 to 350 thus fastened together. The boat or raft is oval in shape, highest at the ends, and floats away merrily for a few days. The eggs then hatch, and the young mosquito enters the water, where the early part of its life is to be passed. You can find the young insects in this, their larval stage, in pools of fresh water, or even in a tub of rain-water which has been standing uncovered for a few days. They are called wrigglers on account of the droll way in which they jerk about through the water. They feed upon very minute creatures, and also upon decaying vegetable matter. Near the tail the wriggler has a tube through which it breathes. If you approach the pool or tub very quietly, you can see them in great numbers, heads downward, with their breathing tube above the surface. If you make the least disturbance, they will scamper down into deep water. After wriggling about for two weeks, and changing their skins several times, the larva becomes a pupa. You know that most insects in the pupa state do not move, but take a sleep of greater or less length. Not so the lively little mosquito. In its pupa state it becomes a big-headed creature which does not eat. It moves about quite rapidly, but not with the same wriggling motion; it now has a pair of paddles at its tail end, which cause it to tumble and roll over in the water. In this state these tumblers move head foremost, and when they go to the surface to breathe, the head is uppermost, and they take in air through tubes near the head. In five or ten days the mosquito ends its life in the water, and becomes a winged insect. The pupa comes to the surface, and the skin cracks open on the back, allowing first its head and chest to come forth, and finally the legs, wings, and the rest. This is a most trying moment in the life of the insect; if a slight puff of wind should upset it before the wing are dry, it will surely drown; only a small proportion of the whole number succeed in safely leaving the pupa case, the greater share become food for the fishes. If the wings once get fairly dry, then the insect can sail away, humming its tiny song of gladness.

How does it sing? Perhaps when you heard its note at night you did not stop to consider. It is a point which has puzzled many naturalists, and it is not certainly known how the note is produced, but probably the rapid motion of the wings and the vibration of the muscles of the chest are both concerned in it. The most interesting part about the insect—the "business part," as some one has called it—is its sting, or sucker. This is not a simple, sharp-pointed tube, but consists of six parts, which lie together in a sheath, and are used as one. How sharp these must be to go through our skin so easily! After the puncture is made, it then acts as a sucker to draw up the blood. The insect which visits us is the female. We rarely see the male mosquito.

Blood is not necessary to the existence of the mosquito, and probably but a small share of them ever taste it. The countries in which mosquitoes live in greatest numbers—actual clouds—are not inhabited, and there are but few animals.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE BEST WAY to cure disorder is to prevent it—holding attention so closely that there is no time for thought of it. Perhaps all might not succeed in doing this by talking; then try something else,—showing pictures, printing sentences on the blackboard, etc. Keep the child employed every moment it is in school; otherwise you are responsible for its misconduct. There lies the secret,—keep the children busy, in some way.

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

"Why, no, child, of course not; they don't go in until the last thing, and they have to be rolled in flour first; what a little dunce you are about cake, to be sure; when I was of your age, I could clip into the kitchen and stir up a cake for tea as quick as the next one. But then," she added, seeing a sober look steal over Christie's face, "I couldn't have made a dress for myself to save my life, nor worked over butter, nor done a dozen of the things that you can. Of course, it is not strange that you should know nothing about cake-making when you never had a chance. One of these days, Christie, money may be easier, and I can hunt up all my own knowledge and teach you how to do things. I'll risk my forgetting; it all comes back to me this morning as naturally as though I had been doing it every day; though it must be about thirteen years since I made this cake," she continued.

But the sober look on Christie's face had nothing to do with cake. Something in her mother's talk had made her think that she was growing up a dunce about other things; things which she wanted to know much more than she did how to make cake. It came out, presently, as she thoughtfully beat the butter and sugar.

"Mother, what about school next term? Has father made up his mind?"

Then the mother sighed.

"Why, as to that, Christie, he didn't have to do much thinking; he can't raise the money to pay for books and tuition, and that is the whole of it. Not this term—he thought he could, and if it had not been for that stove, I guess he would have brought it about; but that was such a chance, a second hand, to be sold so cheap, and we had wanted one for so long; and the man offered to take his pay in eggs and butter, you know; he said last night he wouldn't have bought it, after all, if he had known it would keep you and Karl back from school for another quarter; but he thought then he would get his pay for the hay this month sure."

"And isn't he going to?" Christie tried to keep her voice steady.

"Oh, no, he got word at the depot yesterday that the man couldn't pay until spring if he did then. Sometimes your father is afraid that he will never pay it."

This last fearful possibility was spoken almost in a whisper. Not to be paid for the hay meant a good deal of trouble to the Tuckers. Christie stirred away, saying nothing, not trusting her voice to speak; in fact, she was much engaged just then, in ordering back a tear that wanted to roll down her cheek. She did not mean that her mother should see tears; but it was a great disappointment. Even the Geography on which she and Karl had so long set their hearts, seemed slipping away into the dim and uncertain future. There was all that money paid for the trip to uncle Daniel's, where, after all, she did not go; should she be sorry that she took the journey? But then, there were all the lovely things in the front room, and in her room; she would not have had those if she had not gone a journey. No; but then, the lovely things would do nothing to make her less a dunce, and she and Karl were growing old so fast! But then, on the other hand, she would not have become acquainted with Wells Burton, nor had that beautiful letter from Mr. Fletcher, nor seen the Governor, nor taken care of that dear baby; perhaps the baby would have fallen from the seat and hurt himself, if she had not been there to watch and care for him; and perhaps,—oh! wicked Christie to forget that—perhaps nobody would have stopped the train in time to save Wells Burton's life? Oh, indeed, she must always be glad and thankful that she went her journey, even if they had to wait another year for the new Geography.

Now another thought began to trouble her, and presently she put it into hesitating words. "Mother, maybe we ought not—maybe I ought not to have coaxed you to have this party, and make cake and all these things."

But the mother's voice was brisk and reassuring.

"Now, child, don't you go to fretting over that; it was a nice thing to think of; Mr. Keith told me himself that we couldn't any of us tell what it might do for those Cox children; and as for the expense, it won't be so very much, after all; potatoes are cheap, and we have milk enough to make them nice; it is half in having things done nicely and making everything bright and clean, you know; the Cox folks might have nice warmed potatoes themselves if they only knew enough. Then it is as you say about the hens, they appeared to understand, and did a little extra work, and the butter and sugar we can easily save from our own things, and we sha'n't notice the extra expense at all; it isn't like paying out money downright from one's pockets. The cow and the hens have furnished the most of the things, and we won't begrudge the poor children one good supper. Run to the window, child, and see if Karl isn't coming."

Christie was glad to go; not so much to look for Karl as to get rid of that tear. Her mother knew that, too, and sent her away to help her get her happy face back. Mothers know most things, though some of them are wise enough to keep quiet about little matters that are better not spoken of.

"Here's Karl," the sister said, in a very few minutes, and the "happy" had already gotten back into her voice. And Karl came in with a gust of outside wind, and with an air of unusual importance.

"What a time you have been, child!" declared the mother. "Did you get the baking powder, and the spool of thread, and all?"

"Yes'm; I got them all, and something else besides. I guess you would have been a long time if you had had to do all the business that I have attended to since I've been away. Father sent me to the post-office for old Mr. Stuart's paper, and I thought, seeing I was there, I might as well

THE TUCKERS' HOME.

ask for us, and what do you suppose I have for you, Miss Christie Tucker?"

"Not another letter?" said Christie in high excitement, every trace of anything but delight having gone from face and voice.

"Just that," answered Karl, and he dived into his deep pocket and produced a delicately perfumed bit of paper, with "Miss Christie Tucker" written on it, in what Christie thought was the very prettiest way she had ever seen. The writing was certainly not Thomas Fletcher's. Whose could it be? Mrs. Tucker left her cake for a moment and came with floury hands and a bit of flour on her left cheek and looked over Christie's shoulder and admired the dainty thing, and wondered from whom it could be, and as yet none of them thought of looking to see. "It is not your aunt Louise's writing," she said, "though your aunt is a pretty writer, too, but it doesn't look like that, somehow; what a woman you are getting to be! 'Miss Christie Tucker!' the idea." She laughed as she said it, and yet it seemed to give her a thought that had a sad side to it.

"I suppose you'll grow up to that without fail, if you live," she said, and looked at her young daughter wistfully as she added: "I would like to do a good many things for you before that, though."

"Do for pity's sake open the thing!" said Karl. "If it said 'Mister Karl Tucker,' you won't catch me standing gazing at the outside all this time."

"It wouldn't say 'Mister' to you Karl."

"Why not, I should like to know, as well as 'Miss' to you?"

"Because they don't. It would say, 'Master Karl Tucker'."

"Master of what? How do you know?"

"I saw it. I saw a letter that came to Wells Burton. He took it out of his pocket to mark on, when we were on the cars and he wanted to show me how the switch was laid, there by the junction, and he marked on an envelope, and I saw the name—"Master Wells Burton."

"Well, I don't care whether it is 'Master' or 'Mister,' I should get into the thing and be master of it."

Thus urged, Christie, mindful of her former lesson, looked about for the scissors, and began to cut, then paused half-way across the end and said, "I think father ought to be here."

"Well, he won't be here until noon; he has gone to the upper lot. She can't wait till noon, can she, mother? It might be something that would need an answer right away."

"I guess I wouldn't wait, my girl," the mother said, pitying the eager faces. "Father will understand, and you can read it out to him as soon as he comes, and it will sound better after you have read it once." Oh, wise mother! There were other things beside cake-making that she had not forgotten.

You don't think anything about them now, dear girls, but the time will come when you will look back on all those little thoughtfulnesses of mother, as so many jewels which she left you.

The letter was withdrawn from its cream-tinted cover, and all three heads gazed at it curiously. Beautiful writing it was, certainly, but strange to them. The only way to discover the author was to read it. To be sure Karl said: "I guess it is from the mother of the baby;" but Christie replied quickly:

"Oh no; she would not write such a long letter as that. There would't be anything to tell me only that the baby is well. Oh, dear, I hope he is!" This touch of anxiety quickened her fingers and she unfolded the lovely sheet and read aloud:

"My Dear Little Motherly Friend—

"Whom I am sure I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred. And baby shall not either; I shall always talk to him about you, and how you saved his precious life, and when he gets to be a man he shall come and see you.

"Now you wonder why I have not written you before." ("No, I don't," said Christie, breaking off to look at her audience. "I wonder why she is taking the trouble to write to me now. Isn't it nice, mother?")

"I'll tell you how it was. Baby came through his day of troubles like a soldier, because he had such a nice little general, who did not let him take cold, or bump his head, or go hungry. He did not so much as sneeze after it all, but his poor silly mother could not get over her fright.

"For three nights I could get no rest at all; as soon as I would drop asleep I would dream that I had lost my baby, and was tramping up and down that track like a wild woman, and begging the people to send me on in an extra train whether there was any road to run on or not. Then I would waken in a fright, with my head throbbing so that I could not raise it from the pillow. At last my dreams frightened me into a fever, and I was for more than a week that I could not sit up. Then it took some time after that to get my strength sufficiently to go down town. I wanted to select baby's gift for you myself"—

"(O, mother, she is going to send me something. What do you suppose it can be?"

"Chris, what if it should be a Geography, with nice large maps in it, you know. Did you say anything to her about one that day?"

"Not a word," said Christie, stopping to laugh; "I didn't say anything to her, hardly, nor she to me; she was so busy kissing the baby that she couldn't.") Then she read on—"because I knew just how I wanted it to sound." ("Sound! What can she mean? What in the world can it be?"

"It is a bird," said Karl, "they have them in cages. Nick says there are three at the Burtons, in the room where they keep the flowers."

"O, mother," said Christie, looking troubled, "I most wouldn't want it. I would like to open the door and let it go and live in the trees."

"They can't live in the trees," said Karl. "Can they, mother? They would starve."

"That is because they have been stolen away from their homes and made slaves of. Isn't it, mother?"

"Read on, child," said Mrs. Tucker, "perhaps it isn't a bird.")

"I have chosen one that I like very much, and I can seem to see you taking comfort with it. It is the baby's very own present, and he sends it with his dear love.

"The little things that are packed in the small box are presents from baby's mamma to your dear baby at home; I hope they will fit, and the dolly is for the little sister Nettie whom you described to Mr. Fletcher. He told me all about her, and about how you made a dolly for her one day last summer out of a squash."

("Why, child," said Mrs. Tucker, "it does seem to me that you must have told those strangers in the cars everything we ever said or did in this house."

"No," said Christie, earnestly, "he kept asking me questions, Mr. Fletcher did, and when I answered them; there would be a word in about something else and he would ask about that. I didn't know I was telling things."

(To be continued.)

LITTLE LUCY.

I.

A little child, six summers old—
So thoughtful and so fair,
There seemed about her pleasant ways
A more than childish air—
Was sitting on a summer eve
Beneath a spreading tree,
Intent upon an ancient book
That lay upon her knee.
She turned each page with careful hand,
And strained her sight to see,
Until the drowsy shadows slept
Upon the grassy lea;
Then closed the book, and upward looked,
And straight began to sing
A simple verse of hopeful love—
This very childish thing:
"While here below how sweet to know
His wondrous love and story;
And then, through grace, to see His face,
And live with Him in glory."

II.

That little child, one dreary night
Of winter wind and storm,
Was tossing on a weary couch
Her weak and wasted form;
And in her pain, and in its pause,
But clasped her hands in prayer—
(Strange that we had no thoughts of heaven
While hers were only there)—
Until she said: "Oh, mother dear,
How sad you seem to be!
Have you forgotten that He said
'Let children come to Me'?
Dear mother, bring the blessed Book—
Come, mother, let us sing."
And then again with faltering tongue,
She sang that childish thing:
"While here below, how sweet to know
His wondrous love and story;
And then, through grace, to see His face,
And live with Him in glory!"

III.

Underneath a spreading tree
A narrow mound is seen,
Which first was covered by the snow,
Then blossomed into green;
Here first I heard that childish voice
That sings on earth no more;
In heaven it hath a richer tone,
And sweeter than before;
"For those who know His love below"—
So runs the wondrous story—
"In heaven, through grace, shall see His face,
And dwell with Him in glory!"

A. D. F. Randolph.

Socrates declared that, in his day, if a man was desirous of having his son, or his servant, taught the carpenter's trade, or any other trade, he could easily find a man competent to teach it; but if he wished his son or his servant to be taught uprightness (*to dikaion*) he knew not where to look for a teacher. In our days, it is easy to find colleges that will teach Greek, or Geometry, or Biology. But if a man desires a school where his boy may be taught gentleness, courteousness, chastity, truthfulness, true manliness; can he find it? Or is there not demand enough for these things to produce a supply?

FLIGHT NECESSARY.

The hard worked Bishop of London who has long thoroughly identified himself with the temperance movement found time recently to give a Sunday evening address to the Glasgow Abstainers' Union, in the course of which he said :—

You can fight the temptations of the devil, you can control the temptations of the world, but from the temptations of the flesh there is no escape but by flight. Flight, speedy flight ; to get away from temptation as fast as you can, to get away from its presence and escape its poisonous influence —that is the only remedy which the New Testament again and again prescribes for all those who find themselves assailed by the temptations of the flesh. To cut off the right hand or the right foot, to pluck out the right eye, not because the hand or the foot or the eye are things sinful in themselves, but because, although they be in themselves excellent things, yet they are to some people occasions of sin, and if they be, and if a man find that his strength is not able to deal with them, there is no remedy, then, but to get rid of them altogether. To flee from youthful lusts, to flee is the one advice that can be given to young men and women whenever any kind of fleshly temptations beset their souls, to flee, to escape from the very neighborhood and that which allures them, because its presence has a weakening power. It is often the case—let a man look into his own experience if he will question it—it is often the case that the difference between the tempted and the untempted man is something that could hardly be measured by anybody who has not passed through it. When temptation is away you feel so strong, you feel so certain that you can deal with it whenever it comes up again ; you feel so sure of yourself that you are ready to say with the Psalmist, "I cannot be moved." Nay, perhaps, to say that the Lord has made my hill so strong, and when the temptation comes all of a sudden, without any other reason than the mere presence of it there, because it has touched your senses, because your eyes have seen the thing, or your ears have heard of it, or your senses have perceived it, it is enough, your strength is gone, you are weak in its presence, you do not know yourself, you do not know your vaunted strength, you are weak, simply because you have entered within its poisonous breath. It is enough, and the one safety in your weakness is to flee. This is the rule of all temptations of the kind, be they what they may, it is the rule with regard to all this temptation ; for the sin of intemperance there is nothing else for a man to do than to flee ; there is nothing else for his friends to do for him than to help him to flee. It is of no use to bid him be strong, nay, it is not of any use even to bid him pray, whilst he is still daring to remain where the tempter can approach his soul. He has but one resource, he must escape from its power while he may, or else he may find that even prayer itself will not ascend from his lips with a pure and resolute will, and being thus but half prayer, it avails not in the hour of need. Men have been driven, as it were, by one universal experience, to come to the same conclusions—that for the intemperate there is but one course, and that is to abstain altogether. Let the cause of your intemperance pass your lips, and if there be any weakness in you, depend upon it the weakness will increase and the allurement will increase with it. You will be feebler and the power of the poison will be stronger, and whatever effort you make of your own will, none will be of avail unless you make the one effort which is required by the teaching of the New Testament—abstain from it entirely.

A BAD HABIT.

"Of course, it will rain to-morrow just because I want to go to town."

I suppose you constantly hear people say such things as that—probably you say them yourself. It is a general custom, even with good Christians, and apt to be accepted as quite innocent. To me it seems particularly wrong and particularly ungrateful. Any Christian will admit that God is strangely careful for our little pleasures, not only that he gives us life and breath and all things, but that He makes the ins and outs of every day matters fit comfortably together so many times when we had every reason to fear a painful jar, that He seems, so to speak, to go out of His way to please us ; and then we glibly assert at any minute, as a sort of rhetorical flourish, not even with a bitter tang showing the temptation of keen feeling: "It will be sure to be that way just because I want it to be this way. It always is so."

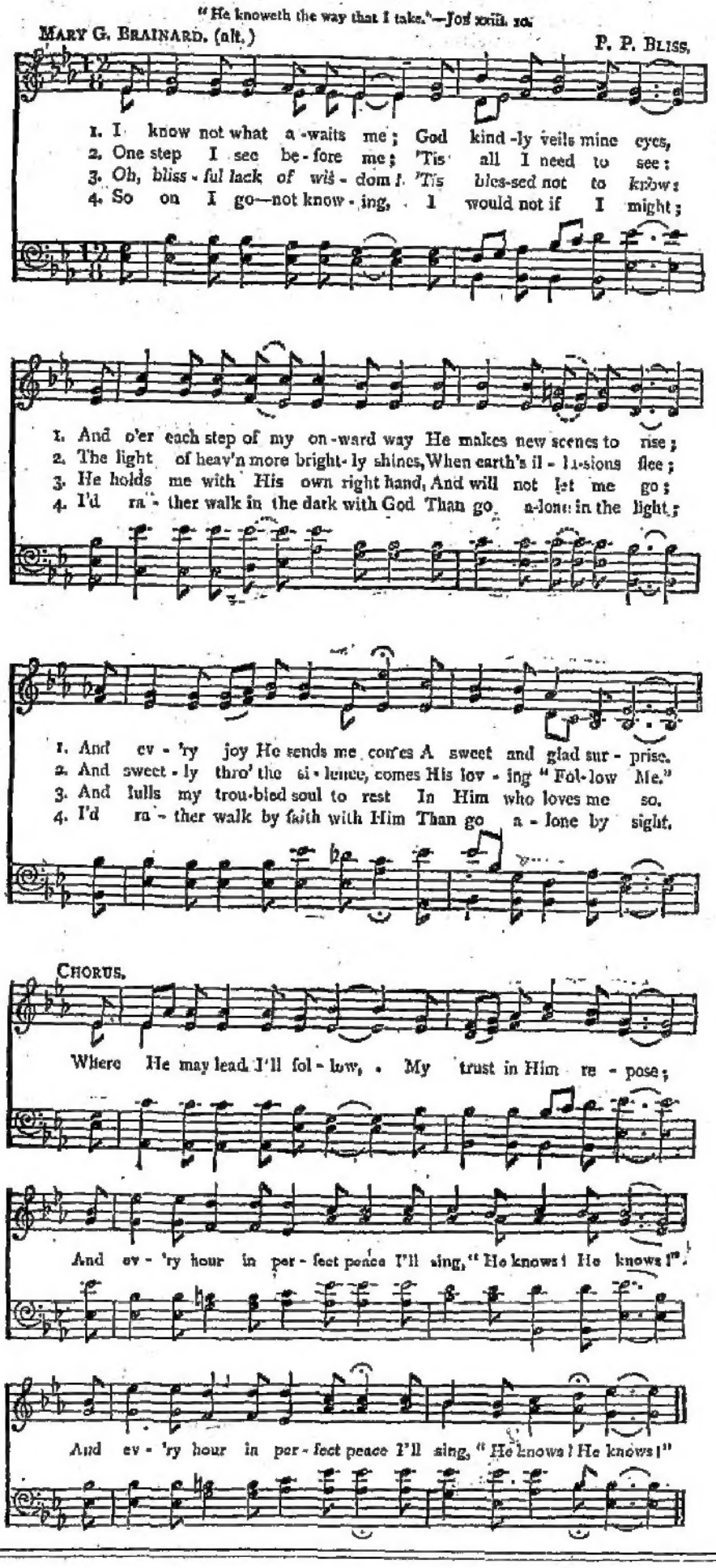
To think of such a habit carried on through a life-time! In the face of God's watchful kindness! I wonder that we are not afraid. I wonder still more that we are not ashamed. It would be so much more natural, and so infinitely sweeter, to take as a matter of course, what is really the matter of course, that "He careth for us ;" in little things and in great, in all that we ourselves care for. Suppose an earthly friend unweariedly worked for our good, would we lightly accuse him before his enemies of always thwarting us in trivial mean ways? How can we so misrepresent our heavenly Father, "the One whose name is Help," "our friendly God?"—*Margaret Meredith, in the Presbyterian.*

THERE are but few schools in the United States that have not secret rum-mills near them. There is a class who open such places near schools for the trade of the boys. The real purpose is always concealed, for publicity would ruin the game. In back-rooms, securely guarded, the boys are trained in drunkenness and the accompanying vices, and the most promising young men are ruined in the very places where they should be the most secure from harm. Brewers and distillers are very sharp business men, and as making drunkard is a business with them—a systematized business—they do not miss such profitable openings as schools with hundreds of boys, whose parents are liberal with money. The hawk is always hovering over the pigeon.—*Toledo Blade.*

He Knows.

"He knoweth the way that I take."—Job xxiii. 10.

MARY G. BRAINARD. (alt.) P. P. BLISS.


1. I know not what a-waits me; God kind-ly veils mine eyes,
2. One step I see be-fore me; 'Tis all I need to see:
3. Oh, bliss-ful lack of wis-dom! 'Tis bles-sed not to know:
4. So on I go—not know-ing, I would not if I might;
1. And o'er each step of my on-ward way He makes new scenes to rise;
2. The light of heav'n more bright-ly shines, When earth's il-lu-sions flee;
3. He holds me with His own right hand, And will not let me go;
4. I'd ra-ther walk in the dark with God Than go a-lone in the light;
1. And ev-'ry joy He sends me comes A sweet and glad sur-prise.
2. And sweet-ly thro' the si-lence, comes His lov-ing "Fol-low Me."
3. And lulls my trou-bled soul to rest In Him who loves me so.
4. I'd ra-ther walk by faith with Him Than go a-lone by sight.
CHORUS.
Where He may lead I'll fol-low, My trust in Him re-pose;
And ev-'ry hour in per-fect peace I'll sing, "He knows! He knows!"
And ev-'ry hour in per-fect peace I'll sing, "He knows! He knows!"

Question Corner.—No. 10.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. To what two persons did Jesus spontaneously reveal Himself as the Son of God?
2. On what occasion did Joshua and Caleb first distinguish themselves together?
3. In what places is the Church of Christ spoken of as being *one body?*
4. Where are we told to speak for the dumb in case of oppression or cruelty?
5. From what places did the Samaritans originally come? And who sent them to people Samaria?

A PROBLEM.

A young Bible student was asked, "*How* many boys are there in your class?" He replied, "If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Haman's sons, subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the Ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven, subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh, add the number of stones in David's bag when he went to kill Goliath, subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem, divide by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, subtract the number of persons saved in the ark, and the remainder will be the answer."

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 9.

1. Haman (Est. 7: 10).
2. Pilate (John 19 : 16).
3. Jonah 4 : 11.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.—1. B-ath-sheba. 2. E-liza-beth. 3. L-ois. 4. O-rpah. 5. V-ashti. 6. E-sther. 7. D-eborah. 8. L-ydia. 9. E-ve. 10. T-abitha. 11. U-nleavened. 12. S-arah. 13. L-uke. 14. O-intment. 15. V-irgins. 16. E-sau. 17. O-li. 18. N-aomi. 19 E-den. 20. Ase-nath. 21. N-ain. 22. O-strich. 23. T-imothy. 24. H-annah. 25. E-zra. 26. R-achel. "Beloved, let us love one another."—I John 4 : 7.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from H. E. Greene, Mrs. Geo. Carruthers, R. J. D., Ellis E. Griffin, John Findlay, Jennie Lyght, and Albert Jesse French.

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